But long ſhe thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the duteous *vaſſall* ſcarce is gone,
The weary *time* ſhe cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to *ſigh*, to *weepe*, and *grone*,
So *woe* hath wearied *woe*, *mone* tyred *mone*,
That ſhe her *plaints* a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for *meanes* to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhe cals to minde where hangs a *peece*
Of skilfull *painting* made for *Priams Troy*,
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
For *Helens* rape the *city* to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing *Ilion* with annoy;
VVhich the conceited *Painter* drew ſo proud,
As *heauen* (it ſeemd) to kiſſe the *turrets* bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable *obiects* there
In ſcorne of *Nature*, *Art* gaue *liueleſſe life*:
Many a dire *drop* ſeemd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred *husband* by a *wife*.
The red *blood* reek'd to ſhew the *painters* ſtrife,
And dying *eies* gleemd forth their aſhy *lights*,
Like dying *coales* burnt out in tedious *nights*.

There might you ſee the labouring *pioner*
Begrimd with *ſweat*, and ſmeared all with *duſt*,
And from the *towres* of *Troy* there would appear
The very *eies* of *men* through *loope-holes* thruſt;
Gazing vpon the *Greekes* with little luſt:
Such ſweet *obſeruance* in this *worke* was had,
That one might ſee thoſe farre off *eyes* looke ſad.

In great *Commanders*, *Grace* and *Maieſty*
You might behold triumphing in their *faces*,
In youth *quick-bearing* and *dexterity*,
And *here* and *there* the *Painter* interlaces
Pale *cowards* marching on with trembling *paces*,
Which hartleſſe *peaſants* did ſo well reſemble,

In *Aiax* and *Vlyſſes*, O what *Art*
Of *Phyſiognomy* might one behold!
The *face* of either cipher'd either's *heart*,
Their *face*, their *maners* moſt expreſſly told.
In *Aiax* eyes blunt *rage* and *rigor* rol'd.
But the mild glance that ſhe *Vlyſſes* lent,
Shew'd *deepe regard* and *ſmiling gouernment*.

There pleading might you ſee graue *Neſtor* ſtand,
As, twere incouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
Making ſuch ſober *action* with his *hand*,
That it beguild *attention*, charmd the *ſight*,
In *ſpeech* it ſeemd his *beard*, all *ſiluer white*,
VVagd vp and downe, and from his *lips* did flie
Thin winding *breath*, which purld vp to the *ſkie*.

About him were a *preaſe* of gaping *faces*,
Which ſeemd to ſwallow vp his ſound *aduiſe*:
All ioyntly liſtning, but with ſeuerall *graces*,
As if ſome *Mermaid* did their *eares* intiſe;
Some *high*, ſome *low*, the *painter* was ſo nice,
The *ſcalpes* of many almoſt hid behind,
To iump vp higher ſeemd to mocke the *mind*.

Here one mans *hand* leand on anothers *head*,
His *noſe* being ſhadowed by his neighbors *eare*,
Here one being throngd beares back all boln & red;
Another ſmothered, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,
And in their rage ſuch *ſignes* of rage they beare,
As but for loſſe of *Neſtors* golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

For much imaginary worke was there;
Conceit deceitfull, ſo compact, ſo kinde,
That for *Achilles* image ſtood his *ſpeare*
Gript in an armed *hand*, himſelfe behinde
Was left vnſeen, ſaue to the *eye* of *mind*;
A *hand*, a *ſpeare*, a *ſhield*, a *ſtrong* [illegible]